

GERMAN DEMAND FOR WAR

EXPRESSIONS OF DISSATISFACTION
WITH LONG-CONTINUED PEACE.German Generals Demand War and
Hint that Kaiser Has Demoralized the Army.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

BERLIN, March 1.—The following is a recent utterance of General Von Liebert, of Brandenburg Army Corps: "I detest the long and foul peace, dictated by politicians, and echo the opinion of all progressive army men when I say that the need of the hour is a jolly good war. There is nothing that the German army and the German people need so much after these thirty years of a stupid, protracted peace as a jolly good war."

The army's demand for war—war for war's sake—published in the current issue of Die Gegenwart, the leading political weekly of Germany, equal in influence to the London Spectator, thoroughly aroused statesmen and wrought-up public opinion to such a pitch that the government considered it imperative to buy up all available copies on the news stands. Of course, that stimulated a second and third edition. The police snapped them up, too, before many hundred copies could be disposed of. Then the Gegenwart printed a seventh edition, with public demand running a close second to police appetite for semi-forbidden literature.

The article signed "C. V. W., an Old Prussian Military Man," says in substance that the "disgusting thirty years' peace" has lasted long enough and that the "desired and necessary regeneration of the German army and people" can be achieved only by a "jolly good war" that must be had as soon as possible.

If some rabid fingo sheet were thus playing with fire the matter might be dismissed with contempt, but, as indicated, the Gegenwart is a proposition to be reckoned with and there is every reason to believe that the "Disgusting Peace" article, in fact, represents the consensus of opinion in leading army circles. At the same time it is well to recall, perhaps, that the war party of the Prussian army forced the war of 1866 against Austria, while the war party of the French army precipitated, at least, that of 1870-71. And history repeats itself.

Another aggravating circumstance is the fact that General Von Liebert, who first started the cry for war, is a close friend of the Emperor and credited with expressing William's secret longings. The article purports to be written by "an Old Prussian Military Man." Here it is in full:

"Let it be stated beforehand that General Von Liebert, who stirred the nation by the announcement that the 'need of the hour is a jolly good war,' is no less wide-awake and far-seeing a politician than excellent military leader. He is also a progressive man, and it would be ridiculous to charge that his longing for war is dictated by a desire for murder and destruction. History proves that nothing so ennobles and dignifies a nation as war. And it may be truly said that the German people have now arrived at a point where war is needed as a regenerative measure. Think of the miserable Prussians at the beginning of the nineteenth century—compare them with the strenuous and beautiful nation born of the disasters of 1866! That reflection alone suffices to justify the longing for war at present electrifying the Prussian army; it shows such longing to be thoroughly legitimate and excusable."

"Remember, also, that William I had no sooner mounted the throne, when he thought of abdicating on account of the chaos confronting him. Then Bismarck proposed war; to the laurels of 1864 he added those of 1866, to the triumphs won over the Austrians he added the laurels gained in the great struggle of 1870 and 1871. True, war is a radical measure—a sort of surgical operation where life and death hang in the balance. But even defeat would be preferable to this long, lingering disease of inactivity peace has imposed upon a heroic people. No one but a foolish sentimentalist, I am sure, will liken General Von Liebert to a bawling lansquenet because he advocates the regeneration of our people by the only measure promising success."

"And if this be true from the standpoint of the statesman, of the mere politician, how much more acute must be the longing for war on the part of experienced and far-seeing military men. Everybody knows that an army goes to sleep during a period of protracted peace. Prussian soldiers went to sleep after the seven years' war, and again after the Napoleonic wars. The resulting disasters taught our government a lesson, and the German army was not allowed to rest on its laurels after 1871. It had to go to work with a will. It was organized and re-organized, enlarged and made better in every respect. Every new idea promising success was adopted, inadequate armament was ruthlessly retired, and the best and newest substituted."

THE PRESENT WAR LORD.

"When William II assumed the reins of government army improvement made still greater strides. During the last ten or twelve years our feverish activity in that direction has astounded the world. Yet it is an undeniable fact that to-day nothing short of war can save us from becoming unit for war. We are working and experimenting, yet who can tell whether the improvements made will hold good when it comes to fighting in earnest? More than thirty years have passed since the echo of the last shot fired in France died away. That means an inexperienced, wholly inexperienced army, it means generalities and theories. What we need is practice and war is practice. During this long and disgusting peace, during this disgustingly long peace, we have become an army of actors. War is our mission, but the German army service has sunk to the level of a spectacular show."

"Instead of the merry order, 'Forward, march, attack,' we hear the rife and drum accompaniment of the grand tattoo. There was a wonderful parade in Hanover the other day, a 'great exhibition' it was called in the press, but, as matter of fact, not one-half of the troops standing in line there were fit to go on parade. According to the articles of war they should have been engaged in shooting or marching exercises, instead of showing off their fine clothes. They did show off, but at the cost of lessened war preparedness. The six weeks of special drill enabling them to parade was stolen from the time allotted for technical instruction. If war should break out to-morrow we should find these Hanover men six weeks behind those of their comrades, drilled in strict accordance with the articles of war."

"And think of the waste of time due to the revival of the 'Stand-at-attention, salute-the-King' regulation from the days of the great Frederick. For, only one body regiment was drilled in it; the guard corps followed, now the whole army kills time that way-time sadly needed to prepare the men for the great struggle we must have and will have sooner or later."

"And, pray, what have the great maneuvers to do with the business of war? They are theatrical shows, our generals learn

ALFRED KNAPP AND ONE OF HIS VICTIMS



The preliminary hearing of Alfred Knapp, the self-confessed murderer, will begin at Hamilton, O., on Monday. He is charged with killing his third wife, whose body was found in the Ohio river at New Albany, Ind. Knapp confessed killing three women and two girls and assaulting others.

nothing by them. That the piece be well rehearsed, that the parts are properly distributed, that there are no unforeseen surprises are the main requirements of a Kaiser maneuver show. And the more spectacular the massing of troops the more picturesque the cavalry attack, the greater the success, because the spectators are delighted, the foreign officers pay us compliment after compliment. They write pleasant articles about us, too, but every military man knows what they think in their heart of hearts. Some are glad of our mistakes, others pity us, and all refuse to state their real, expert opinion.

RUN TO UNIFORMS.

"Another reason why we want war and want it soon: This long and nauseating peace has been productive of a flood of innovations in purely external matters that seriously interferes with the army's working order and efficiency. The army is suffering in a mire of uniform reforms and changes, imposed by persons in high places who spend all their time thinking out confusing newfangledness on matters of accoutrements, etc. If this continues indefinitely nobody will know who is cook or waiter when war comes. Anyone studying the appearance of the soldiers in a large garrison town will notice at least one change in the dress of almost every private and officer within a month's time. That means twelve changes per year, but more often there are fifteen. Who is going to remember them all? Of course, it is an excellent thing for army purveyors and publishers of military handbooks, but the army's efficiency is sadly interfered with by the prevailing confusion."

"When the reserves and Landwehr men return to their regiments for six weeks' service in the summer one would at least of the precious space of time must be devoted to explaining the meaning of the changes during their absence."

"Will they be better soldiers for that? On the contrary they invariably forget these self-contradictory instructions, and in the end the whole ridiculous business will cost us dearly. For example, a cavalry patrol is sent out to bring a message to a certain regiment of the line. The horsemen run across a body of troops wearing the Guard decorations and pass it by. But that very body of troops may be the regiment searched for, as his Majesty designed to honor certain regiments of the line with decorations, especially and particularly designed for the guards. How should the leader of the patrol know? Such

acts of imperial pleasure are bulletined once and then forgot, and I venture to say that even the gentlemen in the Ministry of War do not remember 5 per cent. of the uniform changes decreed in the last few years. That circumstance 'breaks' many a man in times of peace—robs him of his livelihood. In war it means defeat."

"As to the new shooting regulations, they seem to be modeled upon schuetzenfest lines. While it is agreed that the next war will call for very little sharpshooting—fire en masse alone being demanded—the men's time and their chances for acquiring efficiency are wasted in learning and performing acts that properly belong to the circus, dime museum and schuetzenfest."

"Still, I am not criticizing or condemning 'overtrainings' in sharpshooters' drill as much as the methods employed. Fully 90 per cent. of the abuse and disgrace heaped upon the common soldier by his superiors results from the officers' extraordinary demands in the way of sharpshooting—demands that have nothing in common with preparation for war. What is the consequence? Bitterness, accusations, scandals, murder even! Does anybody suppose that these things, of which the newspapers never cease to tell, make the German army stronger, or more efficient? As a matter of fact, they weaken its discipline, likewise they explain why in war so many officers die from bullets in the back. The bullets are fired by men who cannot forget the needless and cruel tyranny of the drill grounds."

WAR REGULATIONS DISOBEYED.

"To once more return to the war regulations they are persistently disobeyed; thirty years of peace allowed them to almost drop from sight. For instance, the regulations say that a general, if operating independently, shall have full sway in exercising his individual judgment. But the regulations do not say that a general may use his contingent to ride his individual hobby horses. Yet this is done to-day in every army corps and division under the German flag."

"I know one general possessed of the fixed idea that our next war will be with England or the United States, hence all men from colonel to private must waste a certain amount of time, allotted to drill, in English studies. Another chief of army corps thinks we will attack the Russians, and to facilitate study of the Muscovite tongue he had Russian letters and vocabularies painted on all the whitewashed walls of his barracks. His lieutenants and captains

know little, or nothing, of the theoretical side of war, but can inform you of the Russian equivalents of such interesting words as bread, water, Kaiser, schnapps, etc. A third commander read somewhere that during the next war all colonels, captains and lieutenants will be killed first, the troops becoming guileless. And to counteract that he is drilling his privates to take the places of the imaginary dead ones."

"Thus the greater part of the German army is indulging certain fixed ideas and neglecting the work for which the men are designated. The articles of war are pushed aside and confusion reigns high and low, all of which, I say and repeat, is due to the long peace allowing us to forget the real objects of a standing army. The long peace made us dilettante and the longer it lasts the less capable for war we will become. Every year spent in peaceful pursuits means less fitness for war, less enthusiasm for war, less capacity for winning battles."

"At no time in the history of our army have German officers been so ill used as during the past five or more years. Gentlemen in high places seem to look upon war as child's play, where capacity, strength and good will are welcome, but not essential. It has come to pass that no officer, high or low, is sure of his position from one week's end to the other. 'Young men to the front' is the continued cry, and experience, faithfulness, honest performance of duty no longer count. Though not given to evil prophecies, I cannot help expressing the apprehension that the policy of regarding the first gray hair on a man's head as cause for dismissal is pregnant with possible disaster."

"In the foregoing I mention only a few of the most momentous agencies that undermine the efficiency and discipline of the German army as it is to-day—a few of the many undesirable fruits of the thirty years' peace—but they suffice to explain the longing of every honest soldier for a jolly good war; for, as things are, war alone can oust dry rot and other sores that have attacked the army of 1870 and 1871, turning it into a glittering show-thing, instead of the formidable machine for war it used to be. It is every patriot's duty to join General Von Liebert in the demand for war."

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

To an Ideal.

I come, I bow, I kneel before thy shrine
And all that is or ever shall be mine
At your disposal, place, I beg of you
Accept my humble offering. I can do
No more than this; and yet I long to be
Within the favored circle round your knee.

With pleasure thus I all my treasures bring
And lay before you. I will ever sing
Thy goodness and thy beauty, and will strive
Of such to worthy be. I would strive
My every action if by doing this
I might forever bask within the bliss
Thy presence brings to me; and every day
As round about me all thy blessings stay
In pure and sunny beauty, if I might
But see the world through that resplendent light
That round you in a halo ever clings—
Of golden, radiant, jewel-studded rings—
To sing thy living praises to the earth,
To shout abroad the wonders of thy birth
Would ever be my task. Nor would I ask
Respite from all such labor; I would go
Into the frozen North and in the snow
And cold blue hummocks would thy visage see
And recognize thy beauty; and of thee,
Though burnt by equatorial sun and rain
And parched with desert thirst, or yet, again,
On lonesome, uninhabited shores
Of unknown lands, or on the dreary moors
Exposed to tempests and to weather vile,
In songs of praise would pass away the while.

Each day thy presence round me fills the air
With rich, invigorating fragrance—sweetness rare
That, like a balm unto a tortuous sore,
Doth soothe my troubled spirit o'er and o'er.
Yes, many times, my footsteps in the way
Thou dost direct, and I am glad to stray
Hast thou, with tender kindness, led them back
And placed them in the straight and narrow track
With gentle admonition.

Without thy aid
In times when, sore distressed and half dismayed,
Afraid to face the world, I else must fall;
But, when I think of thee, the labors all
Seem only play—an exercise to steal
My lagging ardor—and again I feel
Ambition's pulse throbbing strong within my breast
And, with a world before me, cannot rest
In loathsome idleness.

And now, I pray,
Hear my petition: May you, day by day,
Be foremost in my thoughts, for then I know
That nothing harmful in my mind can grow
Its tares of foul corruption. Be my guide
Through sun and shadow. Help me safe outside
The storm that drives so many to the goal
Of self-dependent failure—and the goal
Toward which I strive keep thou within my sight.
That, by thy great incentive toward the right,
True life may be attained.
—Harry Hunt.

A Confession.
I found this record of the olden time,
This mute confession of my heart and soul;
I write it now that you may know the whole
Of that one secret.

Dear, you were the rhyme
Of life's sweet poem; where you passed the clime
Of Eastern skies descended, while there stole
Across my way the joy of saints!

Waves roll
Where once I heard sweet bells in music chime.
I hope that peace down all the avenues
Of life may go with you; that there shall fall
Through nights of stony silence living dew
From crystal fountains on flowers, one and all,
Of your hand's planting.

This, dear, would I choose,
With charmed Aladdin speeding at your call!
Waldron, Ind. —Alonso Rice.

The Descent of Man.

Richmond (Ind.) Item.
Man is no longer a climbing animal, nor even what he was designed to be—a walking animal. Trolley cars, bicycles and automobiles transfer him from place to place with rapidity and ease. His most important item is time, and these artificial methods of locomotion annihilate time. He no longer climbs. Elevators carry him up to the upper floors of buildings more than two stories high. "He doesn't have to save the blood or carry in the coal," this modern man. He uses something else, or he rents apartments in a flat where all of these things are supplied. He does not even visit the "old oaken bucket," he saves his biceps for the more elicit performance of golf or ping-pong. When he wants a drink of water he turns a faucet. Everywhere we see the myriad signs of this conservation of physical energy. It is all very well temporarily. It is said Marcus A. Hanna never walks. He believes no man with many mental problems should take very much physical exercise, as it dissipates his energy. This is the modern man. William Cullen Bryant was the last of the old school, who, even in his seventy-fifth year, disdained the aid of the elevator and ran up the several flights of his office stairs with the agility and enjoyment of a boy. This is the modern philosophy, but it will not stand the test. The conservation of energy means its degeneration. It is just like saving the muscle of your arm by never using it. It wastes away. Its daily use increases it. This conservation of energy, this descent of man, is developing short-winded, narrow-chested people. They never accomplish much in the long run, and after a time they even fail to make good in the short dashes.

Had Been Looking for Him.

Baltimore American.
(Scene, Hades.)
Head Imp.—"What a weary wait we've had! Other Imps in unison: Yes, there he is! Hurrah! Hurrah! We won't do a thing to him!"

And who was it—the gentle reader ask?
He was the person who begins at 8 a. m. to ring the editorial room telephone bell of morning newspaper office when none of the force is on duty until nearly noon and nobody is present but the janitor.

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